SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—This is the centennial year of the Free-will Baptists, and will be appropriately commemorated at the General Conference to be held at Weirs, on Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H., July 21.

—Princeton College is to have a new telescope, costing $25,000. The money to purchase the instrument has been subscribed by the friends of the college, Robert Bonner heading the list with $10,000.

—It is announced on tolerably good authority that the Rev. H. H. Murray of Adirondack fame intends to return to Boston and to engage in preaching. He hopes to gather around him his former large constituency or its equivalent in number.

—Bishop Stevens, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, reports that the movement is spreading among the negroes of South Carolina. There are now 1,200 communicants in seventeen congregations. There are also six missionaries. The Bishop has just ordained three Deacons.

—Robert A. and Henry E. Packer, of Pennsylvania, have presented to Union College a memorial endowment of $10,000 in honor of their father, the late Asa Packer. President Potter, of Union, was once a Professor in Lehigh University, which Judge Packer founded.

—It appears that, some months ago, President Porter, of Yale College, requested Professor Sumner to discontinue the use of Herbert Spencer's "Sociology" as a text-book in his classes, on the ground that it is a book of infidel tone and tendency. Professor Sumner declined to do so, declaring that he would resign if restricted in such a matter.

—Thomas Harrison, the boy evangelist, is reported insane in Buffalo, where he has been conducting revival meetings. Some of the Methodist clergymen of that city have declared their belief in his lunacy, and protested against his continued exhibitions of wildness, but the pastor of the Asbury Church is of a different opinion, and the meetings go on, drawing great crowds.

—A Bible and Prayer Union is about to be organized in this country, with its headquarters at Washington, on the English model. The rules of the Union are: First, each member to read one and the same chapter daily, asking God's blessing upon the Word read; second, each member to pray every Sunday morning for all the members. The Prayer Union in England has grown from fifty to 9,000 members in four years.

Render Rural Homes Attractive.

The importance of making country homes more attractive has already been urged upon the readers of this journal, but the matter is one which will bear frequent mention. It is especially in order now, as spring is the season in which to improve country, village and suburban homes. In a recent lecture Regent J. M. Gregory, of the Industrial University of Illinois, sought to stimulate the growing disposition to render country and village homes attractive, by showing that beauty has a decided market value. "For example, of two farms of equal excellence, the one on which the grounds about the buildings are tastefully planted with shade trees and ornamented by flower beds and well-kept lawns, will sell quickest, and for most money, besides contributing most to the comfort of the daily life of the owner and his family." These are cogent reasons—increased value of premises, and comfort of occupants—and should be heeded by all whose homesteads present an unattractive appearance.—*Christian at Work.*

Parasites on House-Plants.

The aphis, green-fly or plant-louse is a pest that often defeats attempts at keeping window-plants, increasing with amazing fecundity as spring advances. They suck the juices from the tender leaves and stems, crowding sometimes as thick as they can stand upon the ends of the shoots, where they can most easily penetrate the cells. The plant perishes as by consumption. There is no mark of violence or injury, but a general decline, a weakness from lack of proper nourishment. The structure gets no fresh material suitable to repair or build with. Some plants, as the "fish" geraniums, heliotropes, etc., are exempt from the attacks of these parasites; verbenas, roses, rose geraniums, etc., are among the most liable to become their feeding ground. When only a few plants are attacked, the insects can be destroyed by drowning them in a tub of water, or by brushing them off with the strong spray from a large syringe—(letting the plant lie prone on a plank or flag, and driving the water in a direction to rinse the leaves without breaking them); or they may be scalded to death if held for a minute in water at 120 to 125 degrees. These rinsings of the leaves are a great improvement to the appearance of the plant as well as to its health. Some insects may escape, or eggs may hatch; and it will be necessary to repeat the operation in a week or two.

In greenhouses, where it is impossible to so handle every plant, the lice are asphyxiated by the smoke of tobacco. The plants must be exposed to it for at least half an hour, when it should be followed by a full airing if possible, or, at least, a good rinsing with the syringe. The smoke penetrates into every corner and cranny, and is sure to reach every marauder. The stems from which cigar-makers have stripped the thin parts of the leaf are commonly used. Some find it difficult to develope the smoke without burning much by raising a flame. There must be strong draft, such as keeps a pipe or a cigar alight. Fumigating machines supply this with a blower; but a simpler method can be used. If a bottomless crock or pot is set on three brickbats, and some iron wire or hooping woven up to answer for a grate, with ample air passage, some hard wood coals set on this, and the tobacco stems on them, with a punched tin lid to keep them down and suppress flame without preventing draft there will be but time to put that on, run out, and shut the door before the house will be blind with smoke.

The smell of the fumes of stale tobacco, especially if mixed with wood smoke, is very unpleasant, and continues to hang about for days. For a small plant-case a sort of "touch" or "amadon" may be made which leaves no such annoyance. Put saltpetre into five to ten times its bulk of warm water; soak the tobacco in the solution, and let it dry. The remaining liquor will be a nitric infusion of tobacco, and may also be used by soaking it up with enough moss, or punk, or paper, or shaved lichen to absorb it. All this when dried will burn like fuse or tinder, giving off a vaporless smoke but no flame, and will do no injury to the foliage. There will be a display of harmless fireworks for the children's enjoyment. Heliotropes and some other plants are apt to be scorched by dense fumes of tobacco, and they are usually protected by being well wetted or by removal. Aloes and quassia and mullein leaves are said to destroy aphides and paraffin is advised in English papers. The infested leaves and tips are dipped into a solution of it, and for the woolly aphis it is poured about the collar, or the whole ball of roots soaked in it. Tobacco, too, may be used in infusion. It kills the trips as well as the aphis.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Spring Styles in Hand-Organ Tunes.

"The popular taste just now seems to run more to light and comic than to serious and sentimental music," said Mr. Taylor, America's only hand-organ maker, pressing down the ashes in his pipe bowl and meditatively giving a twist to the nearest crank, which brought forth a protesting yowl from the instrument. "But, of course," he continued, "when they get their musical cargoes by the hand-organ line, they have to take them mixed. We put up the tunes in assorted lots, as you may say. For spring styles just now, the principal choices seem to be selections from the 'Pirates of Penzance,' Ed. Harrigan's airs, 'The Pitcher of Beer' and 'The Jumping Jack;" airs from 'Fatinitza,' and a variety of jigs, reels and waltzes. What are we doing from the 'Pirates?' Well, the opening chorus, the second chorus from the policemen, and the aria of the General's daughter. Published? Well, I believe some of the 'Pirates' music is published, but I'm not certain. It isn't necessary for us to wait until music is printed to get it on our cylinders. I can listen to a piece of music once and write it out afterward correctly, without it is terribly complicated. But the 'Pirates' is weak, viewed from the hand-organ standpoint. It lacks taking airs, melodies such as 'Pinafore' was rich in, things that everybody gets to know and that the children sing. We had a great rush on 'Pinafore' airs last season, but now they are never called for. I only make organ barrels, or cylinders, to order, and the person ordering picks out for himself the tunes he wants put on; so there is no regularity about the arrangement, and no two are alike. As I said, the demand this year is for lively music more than ever before, but still there are some serious tunes that hang on well. 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' is one of them, and the 'Sweet By and By' will always be good in the West and through Connecticut. Some of Moody and Sankey's tunes are good to have in working the rural districts, particularly the sort of lively ones, such as 'Where is My Boy To-night?' and 'Hold the Fort' is a good, steady stand-by. An operatic air, one from some old, good, standard opera is always well to throw in.

"Negro minstrel airs are very seldom called for now. That sort of music seems to have in a great measure died out, and it's a pity, for some of the sweetest purely American music was written for the burnt-cork brethren. I have a good deal to do putting in old country songs, German and Italian, generally, that people come and whistle or sing to me for the purpose of getting them set up. But the popular favorites, you may say, for the coming season, those which you will hear on more organs than any others, will be the 'Jumping Jack' and 'Pitcher of Beer.'

"No, I don't make a great many instruments. I can turn out about two a week, if I want to, but the demand is limited, and most of my work is in repairing and making new cylinders. A cylinder with eight or nine tunes for hand organs costs from $32 to $40, and for parlor and side-show organs from $33 to $100, according to size. The score of instruments you see about you all belong to individual owners who are having something done to them. The large ones come from the carousels at Jones' Wood, Coney Island and some other places of summer resort. I don't hire out any organs, but there is an Italian on Baxter street who rents out a dozen or more during the season. I never tried that, but I did try once selling hand organs on the installment plan. It didn't pay. Organs are too light and handy to get away with."—*New York Sun.*

Exiles in Siberia.

We have heard it calculated by a very moderate Russian Liberal that there are at least 25,000 men of the higher ranks in Russia who are now either in Siberia, or at least exiles from Russia, and aware that to return there would cost them their liberty at once—of whom not many hundreds are involved in the Nihilist conspiracy. If anything like that estimate be the truth, the explanation of this wholesale indifference to Nihilism among the higher orders of the Russians is obvious at once. Conceive the feelings of a Russian family the most promising of whom are either in Siberia, or in exile without hope of return, and this for no better reason than the suspicions of the Police Department. Of course, such a family feels, and can feel, no sympathy with the authorities, and no adequate horror at the hand which strikes such terror into the authorities. And this indifference to Nihilism among large classes who are not themselves Nihilists, of course reacts powerfully on the Nihilists, makes them feel themselves anything but outcasts, gives them even something of the character of heroes in their own eyes, since, without forfeiting the regard and respect of their class, they yet go beyond that class, in the sacrifices and risks they undergo to remove, as they think, the evils from which they all alike suffer.—*The Spectator.*

—At Auburn, N. Y., a few days ago, Alice, seven-year-old daughter of Judge Hughitt was knocked down by a team on a street crossing. She immediately became unconscious and remained so for several days, when she died. There were no marks upon her, and the physician says she died of fright.

The First Presidential Election.

It occurred in the middle of a cold winter, a most inconvenient season. Congress did not learn the acceptance of the new Constitution by a sufficient number of States, until late in the summer of 1788, and did not name the day for the election of a President until the 13th of September.

Three interesting days were then appointed—the "three Wednesdays," as they were called. On the first Wednesday of January, 1789, the people were to elect Presidential Electors. On the first Wednesday of February the Electors of each State were to meet and choose a President and Vice-President. On the first Wednesday in March (which was the fourth) Congress was to meet in New York, count the Electoral votes, and set the new Government in motion.

So the first Presidential election took place at a very cold time of year. Mr. Madison, afterward President, who was always fond of his joke, used to take much pleasure in telling his friends what a remarkably cold time they had at that winter election. He was running for Congress in Virginia against James Monroe, who was destined to succeed him in the Presidency.

The two candidates had a public discussion one Sunday afternoon in the open air, from the steps of a Lutheran Church. It was not usual then to hold political meetings on Sunday; but the issues were deemed so important, and it was so hard to get the people together in the middle of winter, that it was thought proper to invite the congregation after church to listen to a political debate.

A keen northeaster was blowing. When Mr. Madison mounted the steps, and addressed the people, he had to face as sharp a wind as ever blew in Virginia. It was so cold that one of the speaker's ears was frozen, and so badly, too, that the ear showed some traces of it to his dying day. As Mr. Madison told the story, he would point to the marks upon his ear, as "the honorable scars he had borne from the battle-field."

Out of the whole body of voters it is questionable if a hundred would have cast their votes against General Washington.

As to the Vice Presidency, nobody appears to have wanted the office very much. It was generally agreed that, since Virginia was to give a President, Massachusetts ought to furnish the Vice President. The three candidates most spoken of were Samuel Adams, John Hancock and John Adams. Governor Hancock was too proud to want the second place. Samuel Adams was not thought to be a hearty friend of the new Government. The choice, therefore, fell upon John Adams, just home from England and Holland, where he had served his country with great ability. I believe his descendants to this day possess "the chain and medal of gold, of the value of thirteen hundred florins," which were given him this year by their High Mightinesses, the chief Magistrates of Holland. If there had been any doubt about his election, that doubt was dispelled by General Washington, who caused it to be made known to some of the Electors, that he himself approved and desired the election of John Adams.

"Whoever may occupy the first seat," he wrote to Benjamin Lincoln, "I shall be entirely satisfied with that arrangement for filling the second office."

These words, or words like these, were intended to influence the minds of the Electors. This we learn from another letter to Benjamin Lincoln, of the same month.

"Some of those gentlemen (the Electors) will have been advised that this measure (the election of Mr. Adams) would be entirely agreeable to me, and that I considered it the only certain way to prevent the election of an anti-federalist."

We see from this that Washington, at an important crisis, could be a politician, and use his personal influence to carry a political point. No one will blame him. He was bound heart and soul to the success of this sublime experiment, and he was justified in using all honorable means to have the new Government administered by its best friend.

The elections duly occurred on the first Wednesday of January and the first Wednesday of February. The Electoral votes were forwarded in sealed packets to New York. So far, all had gone according to the act of the old Congress, with order and punctuality.

The first Wednesday of March arrived, the day on which the new Congress was appointed to meet. There was no quorum present of either House, and nothing could be done, except adjourn from day to day, and wait for the arrival of the tardy members.

At that muddy season it was a week's hard work to travel two hundred miles, and some of the members had to make their way from Georgia and New Hampshire.

Day after day passed, and no more Senators came, and no great number of Representatives. Letters were ordered to be sent to the absentees urging their immediate attendance; but the whole month of March passed, and still there was no quorum of either House.

It was rather aggravating, too, that members from the most distant States had arrived, while those from New Jersey lingered weeks and weeks. The reason was explained by Mr. Madison, in a letter to General Washington of March 19th, and a very curious reason it was. The law, in New Jersey, having fixed no time for closing the polls, they were kept open in some of the counties three or four weeks, each party still hoping to get in more votes. "It seems uncertain," wrote Mr. Madison, "when they would have been closed, if the Governor had not interposed by fixing on a day for receiving the returns." At length, on the sixth of April, 1789, there was a quorum of both Houses. The first business was to open the packets containing the votes of the thirteen Electoral colleges. The Senate having notified the House that they were ready to meet them for this purpose, the Representatives headed by their Speaker, walked to the Senate Chamber, and the votes were counted.

For General Washington every Elector had given his vote; but Mr. Adams was elected to the Vice Presidency only by a plurality of thirty-four in sixty-nine. John Jay received nine votes; and the others were scattered among Samuel Huntington, John Hancock, Robert H. Harrison, George Clinton, John Rutledge, John Milton, James Armstrong, Edward Felfair and Benjamin Lincoln.

What is fame! How well known were all these names in 1789! At present, some of them are so generally forgotten that it would be a good exercise for students to find out who they were, where they lived, and why they were thought of for the second office.

When this great business had been done, the result announced, Mr. Madison, a member of the House from Virginia, stood forth, and addressed the Senate in these words, "Mr. President: I am directed by the House of Representatives to inform the Senate that the House have agreed that the notification of the election of the President and of the Vice President of the United States should be made by such persons, and in such manner, as the Senate shall be pleased to direct." He then withdrew, and the House returned to its own chamber. The Senate appointed Charles Thompson, the Secretary of the Continental Congress, to proceed to Mount Vernon and notify General Washington of his election, and Mr. Sylvanus Bowen to go to Quincy and notify Mr. Adams.—*James Parton, in Youth's Companion.*

The Master of the Sages---The Head of the Taoist Sect.

In the province of Kiang Se on the Tiger Dragon Hill lives a Chinaman with the title of Tsang Te S, who has in some respects more authority and reverence than the Emperor of China himself. He is the head of the Taoist Sect, and with his family and a large retinue of priests and hangers-on lives entirely at the expense of the Government.

But besides being the nominal head of this religion, he holds the most enviable office of Master of the "Sien Jen," or Sages. Of these sages only eight are allowed existence at the same time, but should an unusually worthy candidate be presented one of the number is often quietly dropped from his position to make room for a successor. They are generally chosen from among the Generals who have fought most bravely for the Emperor, and some writers on China speak of them as deified heroes. On the death of any remarkable man, the Emperor, or even the common people through him, presents the case to Tsang Te S, and when he issues an order to the effect that Mr. So and So has been deified, and the Emperor adds his seal to the paper, the people erect one or more temples to his sageship and venerate and worship him accordingly. But when we know that this power of making and unmaking gods rests with poor human nature we are not surprised to learn that some mistakes are made. Some of the literati who believe so sincerely in Tsang Te S will tell you with a mournful shake of the head that, even in his home, matters have come to a sorry pass these days. They say that years and years ago the person who filled this honorable office kept himself pure and secure, for he lived a quiet, holy life, into which feminine smiles and feminine tears were not allowed to penetrate. But now he keeps a little harem of his own, and—presto, change! of course. The incumbent of this office used to live a long life, during which honors, as well as years, gathered thick upon him; but now he seldom lives to enjoy its venerated privileges more than thirty years, and on his death a successor is chosen in a miraculous manner.

On the Tiger Dragon Hill is a certain well into which a piece of iron is cast. This floats on the surface of the water, and upon it are found the Chinese characters which indicate the given name of the future incumbent, although the surname must always be Tsang. Do not be incredulous and say this is impossible or absurd, for any good Chinaman will tell you it is a fact, and if you foolishly ask how these characters come to be found on the iron he will silence all cavillings by the answer "Heaven sent them there."

About two years ago the present Tsang Te S visited Soochow and received every attention from its priests and officers. He is supposed to be almost omniscent in matters over which he exercises supervision, and it is said that during his visit to this city a man of wealth who was an intimate friend of one of the local officers, lost one night a pair of gold bracelets and other articles, in all valued at three or four hundred dollars. In the morning as no trace of the robbery was discoverable, he decided to ask his mandarin friend to lay the matter before Tsang Te S. His friend had him write out an account of all he had lost, intending to do as he requested, but a priest coming in said they must not trouble Tsang Te S with so trifling matters and tore up the paper on which the account had been written. But Tsang Te S himself soon appeared and ordered the bits of paper to be handed to him, saying that all must be dealt with justly and blaming the priest for his conduct. He asked to be left undisturbed, and, after sitting some time with closed eyes, uttered words to this effect: "The man who has lost these articles bought them with money that he had gained in a dishonorable way, and some of which he owed to others. Let him know that he ought to lose them."

Although this was a very different judgment from that which the robbed man hoped to receive, it was but the beginning of his woes. He soon felt upon his body the pain of being whipped with the bamboo, and knew that in Hadeshis spirit was already suffering for his sins and that he had not long to live. Accordingly in the course of a month he died.

As your Chinese friend finishes this story he will look up very wisely and say, "Is not this sufficient proof of the sagacity of Tsang Te S?—*Soochow (China) Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

—Prince Paul Demidoff is reputed to be worth more than $50,000,000. The founder of the family, Nikita Demidoff, was a son of a serf at the time of Peter the Great. He became a blacksmith and armorer, and acquired a large fortune in his trade. He established for the Russian Government the first iron foundry in Siberia, near the base of the Ural Mountains, and afterward, other foundries having been modelled after this, the Czar presented it, with all its dependencies, to him. Nikita's son explored rich mines of copper, silver and gold found in the valleys of the Irtish and Obi rivers, and erected a foundry, which is at this time still the largest in Siberia.

How Old He Was.

An old darkey was arraigned before the Police Court last week charged with disturbing the public peace.

"What have you got to say in extenuation?" asked the Judge after reading the charge to him.

"Jedge yo' honoh: It is the fus' time dat I's bin befo' dis, or eny udder court. I 'knowledge dat I was 'sturbin' de peace, Jedge, but I hope's dat you'll forgib me, when I tells you de cause ob my reckless behabior yistidday. I's a hard wurking man, yo' honoh, an' when I cums home I likes to git on de outside ob a warm supper. De las' free weeks my ole 'ooman has 'glected me, an' has been gallivantin' aroun' town wid a lot ob ignorant niggers till after ten o'clock at night. I t'aught I would go out an' try my han' at de same t'ing. I done so, an' in my trabbles aroun' town I chanced to run agin de ole 'ooman. Den cum de tug ob wah! She sail'd into me an' de way de wool flew for a while would a-done yo' heart good to see. De policeman cum up an' stopp'd fudder proceedin's by takin' me to jail. De ole 'ooman gib him de slip, but befo' she run off she frow'd a rock dat gib me dis heah wound, on de head, an' I hope yo' honoh will 'low me to go, so dat I kin hab it dressed."

"How old are you?" asked the Judge.

"Well I dunno persackly, but I 'members when dey wus diggin' de Tombigbee River."

He was discharged.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Parrot in Court---A Bird of Character and Intelligence.

It is not often that parrots are called upon to give evidence in a Police Court. Such a case, however, has just occurred, for two persons disputing the possession of the bird, Polly, having been duly sworn on a lump of sugar, was set on one side in order that she might state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The parrot's position was one of some delicacy, for it had to decide between two benefactors—a trying position for even more intelligent persons than parrots—but it was staunch to its oldest friend, for, after thinking the matter over well from all sides, with a good deal of head-scratching and, it must be confessed, a certain amount of irrelevant gesture and flippant investigation of plumage, it called the lady who had originally owned it—"mother." This lady had, it appears, allowed it to escape, and the parrot ran a good chance of starvation. A friend, in need, however, soon turned up—for a parrot flashing about in New Peter Street was as certain to find a speedy captor as a mermaid combing her hair in the Round Pond—and being a boy, and a son, he took it home to his father, who spent eleven shillings on a new cage for the brilliant waif, and otherwise made it comfortable, assuring it against further perils from a vagabond life. It will be at once seen, therefore, that Polly had to be ungrateful to one or two friends, and that her decision, as given in court, though attended by pleasing circumstances of good taste, was not absolutely obligatory, from a moral or an interested point of view. For a while the tropical creature stood thinking, impartially surveying the court, and then proceeded to institute a strict investigation into the condition of its tail feathers. It next satisfied itself, by a superficial examination, of the contents of its water and food pans, and then, having casually tested the quality of a few of the bars of the cage, wiped its beak upon the perch. This concluded its deliberations, and no other argument suggesting itself for consideration, the parrot, after a few inarticulate remarks, no doubt expressive of gratitude to its captor and his parent, and regret at leaving so elegant an abode, confidentially addressed its old friend and possessor by the endearing epithet of "mother." The Court, of course, at once accepted the evidence; Mr. Partridge directed the parrot to be restored, and thus the lady got her own again.

Of course it is impossible to guess at any base motives which may have prompted the bird to a right conclusion, and looking, therefore, merely to the facts before us, it would seem as if the parrot were not such an abandoned person as he has been depicted, Poets have noticed "the Indian bird" only to sneer at his "fine" plumage and his "chattering," malevolently classing him with magpies and jays and jackdaws, or else ridiculing him as an indispensable appendage of an old maid's establishment. But few, very few poets, indeed, have been in that close sympathy with nature of which they boast; and turning from the caricatures of Pope and Mallet and the rest to the works of naturalists, we find the bird is not without his virtues. In private life he is monogamous, like a bishop, "the husband of one wife," and when introduced to human society proves himself affectionate and grateful, while the very fact of his intelligence should commend him to favor. His brain is larger in comparison, we believe, than any other fowl's, and in this he is the scholar among birds, not only learning lessons but seeming to apply them by the highest forms of reasoning, inductive inference by rote and metaphysics to the varying conditions of life. It is on record that a parrot, well-known to Anglo-Indian story, learned so many phrases of English that it constructed the grammar of the language, and being missed one day, was ultimately found perched on the top of a tamarind-tree, teaching all the parrots of the neighboring jungle the rudiments of syntax. Beyond this point neither intelligence nor credulity can well go, and it seems tame, therefore, to recur to other familiar varieties of parrot wit. One bird of note, accustomed to ask passers-by what they thought of herself, changed her querry of her own accord during the Peel Administration to "What do you think of Sir Robert Peel?" The much respected citizen is still, we hope, alive and in good health, who, going to woo a widow, was interrupted at a critical moment of his fervent addresses by a voice from the cage at the window, asking in a depressed tone, in sorrow rather than in anger, "Who kissed the cook?" Any popular natural history will be found to abound in delightful anecdotes of parrot character and mimicry; but one of the recent occurrences in a London eating-house will be seldom surpassed. The master of the house lay dying—the parrot gravely looking on. "He is dead," said the Doctor, "and"—"Charles, put the shutters up," solemnly added the parrot. Perhaps the dim light of the room, and the sudden movement among the company when the worst was announced, misled the bird into thinking it was the usual dispersion at bed-time; but being removed from the chamber, he resented the innovation with the remark: "Lor'! what a fuss!"—*London Telegraph.*

Japanese Etiquette---Social Formalities Thirteen Centuries Old.

Some of the precepts in the shorter code are based on instincts of good breeding and, apart from local coloring, are such as characterize civilized society everywhere. Of this universal nature are such as these: Do not talk with a tooth-pick in your mouth; complete the toilet before meeting people in the morning; receive a visitor without unnecessarily delay; do not talk rudely or coarsely in company, and don't talk with the hands hinden in the dress (Anglice pockets); when a guest is visiting you, offer him the use of the bath on arising before using it yourself; in company don't monopolize the fire; if another is using the ink-stone, wait until he has finished writing before using it yourself; don't look at letters intended for others; don't stare at other people's wives; don't enter private apartments without announcement; if another is sleeping be careful not to disturb him; do not interrupt a person who is speaking; and don't ride too near a picnic party or before windows. The delicacy which prompts such regulations as these will be appreciated by every one. Others of the hundred rules show the shrewd common sense, not to say the carnal policy, of a Mr. Worldly Wiseman, such as, for instance: Walk gently on piazzas and in-doors; in company, if another makes a jest or tells a story, don't correct him in errors of fact—don't for example, spoil the whole point of a good story by exclaiming, "Why, no dear, that happened on Wednesday, not Thursday," or words to that effect; when offered hospitality accept politely, and while drinking do not have an abstracted or pre-occupied look and thus seem to slight the attention of the host; if looking on at a game of draughts, never advise the players (this is quite properly considered a great impertinence, and a hole is scalloped out of the under side of the go or checker-board for the head of the person committing such a capital breech of decorum;) do not give improperly expensive presents; do not assume to advise a superior in knowledge or rank. A number of such directions are given of which we shall notice but one more, a precept which savors strongly of an enlightened selfishness—don't ride too near the rear of a target range. There are, however, several regulations which were to govern the polite letter-writer that may be mentioned in this connection, such as: It is better to ask another to write for you if your chirography is bad; use suitable paper; write superscriptions as far as possible in a learned character and sign your name in the more vulgar hand and rather carelessly—otherwise you may be considered too polite to yourself; avoid too many rhetorical expressions; and be careful to seal letters before sending.

A third description of the maxims reflected the peculiar construction of Japanese society. Curious specimens in this class are: Do not use a large tooth-pick if of humble rank; do not use another's fan, as this might soil it; step over instead of upon the threshold on entering a room, so as not to injure the door-sill, which is commonly of choice wood; do not use another's shoes or even touch them with the foot if lying in the way or awkwardly; if you notice a person preparing to offer refreshments, sit down upon the mat in readiness to accept them; in company you should not keep the circulating cup too long; do not wear the wooden clog when visiting a garden distinguished for its fine stone paths; avoid the use of high clogs unless the walking is bad—leave such an affectation to fops and dwarfs; when calling do not sit down in the seat of honor unless urged to do so. Such are some of the more striking of these directions. Still others we omit, though equally singular, as requiring too much explanation.—*Tokio Times.*

A Prevalent Popular Error.

By the burning of a Chinese washhouse in San Francisco a short time since, eleven of the occupants who were asleep in bed lost their lives. The account published in the newspapers described them as exhibiting, by the positions in which their bodies were found, the agony they suffered from the fire. As editors and reporters are considered to possess more than an average amount of intelligence and information, it appears singular that they should propagate or perpetuate such an error. It may be safely asserted as a general rule that persons who lose their lives while sleeping in burning buildings, are suffocated and die painlessly without waking, and before the flames had reached their bodies. The merest tyro knows what would be the effect of going to bed with a pan of burning charcoal in the room, or the effect of blowing out the gas instead of turning it off. An individual going to sleep under such circumstances inhales the impure air, which acts as an anæsthetic and rapidly converts the natural sleep into stupor and coma, from which there is no waking. Persons sleeping in a house which takes fire are smothered in this way by the carboniferous gas long before the fire reaches them. Their bodies or remains are found—not in the halls or stairways where they would have been had they awakened and attempted to escape—but in bed, or in the spot which the bed had occupied, and in the very position in which they had been lying asleep. The exceptions are mostly noticeable, as when persons are seen to make attempts to escape. There is something so horrible in the idea of burning to death that it were well for the community not to suffer needlessly from sympathy for the victims. To the relatives of persons who lose their lives in burning houses, particularly to parents whose children may die in this way, it may save a lifetime of grief to know that death entered the chamber quietly and performed his task without so much as disturbing the slumbers of his victim.—*Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal.*

—Professor Nordenskjold has been made commander of the Legion of Honor.